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Sir James Stananeld of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an inn-house his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark They quarrel—Sir James goes home, taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They take his bedy outside and lay it upon an ice-floe, in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime—he tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Humphrey Spurway, and Spurway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gailows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken sway to abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in change of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Master Spurway bought his winter beast in the "Mart," Anna beats Philip in helping to cut them out Still, they are excellent friends, even though she beats him at her studies, in the school to which they go together. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer uncle, brings in a new STNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER XVIII .- CONTINUED. So, home to my mother, I went to the little house in the Vennel, whose gable looks on the port and out on the sea, washing the very sand before our doors, a mighty change for a laddie bred on the hills. Before me, as I drew on my breeks, were hundreds of masts of the harbor of Abercaim. the tall, sea going ships riding without at their anchor holds, the constwise schooners dimpling on the swell midway, and a score of smacks packed along the quay like herrings in a barrel. Then such rolling, tarry sailors as slouched

and smoked along the sea front, such curious. oiled curls, pierced ears, strange oaths, jolly shiver-my-timbers comrades. All the sullen, melancholy sour humors of the Covenanting hills seemed in an hour blown away by the sunburnt mirth and many-tongued joviality of the seaport of Abercairn. My mother, however, had a new grievance.

She had often pressed it upon Umphray Spurway that he was not the person to bring up a wellgrown girl verging upon 14 or 15 who would soon spring up into a woman. And so my mother offered to take Anna Mark as her daughter, and bring her up in our little house at Abercairn.

"She needs other governance than yours," said my mother to Master Spurway. "What skills it that she can shoot and fish and play backsword as well as any man in ten parishes? She is not man, and the doing of these things will only shame her the more."

Here I protested vehemently, and was promptly put to silence with an asperity quite foreign to my mother's nature. "You know nothing about the matter, Philip. Run your ways out and play." So for the time I went, ill enough pleased, and left my mother to press her project upon Umphray Spurway in her own manner which doubtless she did with all success. For there was nothing then or ever that Umphray would not do to please my

But when I came in again I said to her: "Mother, what ails you and little Anna Mark? Why do you notlike her?"

It was a surely simple question enough, yet must my mother fall a trembling and looking at me with a pale and perturbed countenance.

"Listen, Philip," she said. "I have had enough of this little Anna Mark. Ever since you went to the Miln house it has been 'little Anna Mark' this, and 'little Anna Mark' that, as often es you come back. And when Umphray -Master Spurway, I me an comes in to drink his dish of tea it is little Anna all over again. And a wildcat madam at the best, I warrant, she is, growing up among men there in that millhouse Why, mother, they all love her," said I, to try

her "Umphray himself"-But at this she stamped her foot. "I will hear nothing more concerning the minx, neither now chamber, slamming the door after her.

Then some time after, when she had forgotten her strange angers. I asked her again. "But, mother, if you are so set against our little Anna, with me in one house"

"I desire the thing itself not greatly," said my mother, "but, indeed, one cannot see the girl of men, and for a guardian and companion having only that great soft heart of an Umphray Spur-

of her I could hardly get my steed quick enough into the stable and call on Robin Green to take the care of the beast off my hands. I wanted so greatly to run to my comrade, to tread my old pastures, and forget all in the clean downward thresh of the water from the mill wheel, the singing of the weir, and little Anna's voice scoiding me for minding her footish message and coming at all.

for minding her footish message and coming at all.

Now if any one thinks this is going to turn out a love tale she is grievously mistaken. For, indeed, Anna and i were far above that kind of thing.

On the contrary, we did nothing but spar and taunt one another, and for a long time there was scarce a civil word spoken between us. But these I need not write down, though I can remember them well enough.

But the serious part I will write. And in the aftercome that proved grave enough for me.

It was not our custom to shake hands when we met, much less—but of that we had not as much as thought at that time. Not I at least.

So little Anna and I sat down on the broad wooden edge of the pool below the mill wheel, the same into which the man had fallen the night of the attack. Here we swung our legs and watched the minows circling calmly in the cool backwash, till at a certain point they dived heels of the attack liers we swung our legs and watched the minnows cirching calmly in the cool backwash, till at a certain point they dived heels over head under the impetuous down rush of the mill stream, were tumbled deep in the brown turmoit of the pool, and after a time emerged beaten and breathless in the shallows once more. It seemed so good to be a fish and wear no clothes on such a day. For it had grown hot as I rode over the hills, and down in the sheltered valley there was not a breath of air stirring. "How will you like it, I said," when you come to Abercairn to live with my mother? There are no weirs to sing or pools to dabble your feet in there, excepting salt water ones out among the duise and the sand jumpers."

If might like it well enough, "she replied, very composedly, "only I am not coming to Abercairn tolive with you or your mother either!"

I could not conceal my astonishment.

"But," I remonstrated, "I know it has been setted so. For I heard my mother persuade Umphray Spurway to it."

"O." she made answer, without tooking at me, "so your mother persuaded Umphray to it against his wiit, did she"
"Certainty, little Anna." I made answer. "I heard it with my own ears."

"Through the keyhole." suppose " she said."

his will, did she?"

"Certainly, little Anna." I made answer, "I heard it with my own ears."

"Through the keyhole, I suppose," she said scornfully. But as thet was her manner, I paid no head. (It was true all the same.)

"Well," she went on, "it will surprise you to hear that I am not coming to Abercaire. I do not propose to exchange a house where I am welcome for one where I am not. Beside, my father has come back to this country. And I am not going to Abercaire to be suapped off in some foreign shin to heip Saui Mark at his dice tables or to mind his monkey in the sleeping booth."

Both these things came like a thunderclap on me.

Anna Mark would not come to us. Her father was back in Scotland.

And now so curious is the heart of a boy—I had cared little or nothing bitherte about Anna coming to our house in the Vennel, save to consider how she would agree with my mother, and how late the pair of us would be allowed to play on the quay. But now, as soon as I knew that she would not come. I was in a mighty taking to make her promise—nay, even to take her back with me, there and then upon the beast I had left in the stable.

"You would go to school in Abercaira," I urged, "and learn also those things which— which lasses

with me, there and then upon the beast I had left in the stable.

"You would go to school in Abercairn." I urged, "and learn also those things which—which lasses ought to learn. For you know, after all, you are a lassie. You cannot change that"

"Yes," she answered with great scorn, turning up her nose. "I am a lassie. And because I do not wear knee breeches I must foreacht sit all day stitching at a sampler so fine—Great A plain. Great B. plain—little B. flourished B— Anna Mark Her Sampler. Be a good girl and you will succeed in lite and be a nuisance to all your loving friends." No, thank you. Philip Stansfield, I would rather a thousand times go help my father with his cartes and his monkey. "Of course her father possessed no monkey. It was only a manner of speaking the girl had. So we talked and talked, nor did we make any better of it. Anna would not come to be pressed. better of it. Anna would not come to be pressed in a mold like a jelly. She could not be fitted to Mistress Priscilla. Allan's set of ladylike. man ners. The day might come when my mother would put her out of the Mill House, but that day

ners. The day might come when my mother would put her out of the Mill House, but that day had not come. At this last insinuation I fired up and asked her what she meant by speaking so of my mother, that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that the best of woman are not always fair to one another especially when the same number of years which will bring one of them to nineteen will land the other at forty.

So Anna and I swung our legs and talked, while the sun mounted higher till we were almost out of the shade of the great beech which grew over the lade.

"Now come to single stick in the wool shed." she cried, suddenly starting up, "and I will make you all over blue marks to carry back to Abercaim. It will save Dominie Nicholas the trouble of birching you to-morrow."

oaim. It will save Dominie Nicholas the trouble caim. It will save Dominie Nicholas the trouble of birching you to-morrow.

I was about to consent when a pair of shadows fell across the pool. We looked up and lo' there on the opposite bank stood her 'ather, Saul Mark, and my own uncle John.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR HARRY MORGAN'S TREASURE. At sight of these two I started to my feet and nade as if I would escape. But the two men stood looking at us with such kindly and smiling countenances that my suspicions were allayed, the

"How is it, Philip," he went on, "that we see you

"How is it, Philip," he went on, "that we see you so seldom at the Great House, which in a manner belongs to you? That is not well done to your grandmother."

"I am at school, uncle," I said, not knowing well whatelse to say.

"So I see," said he, smiling at butle Anna Mark." It is a pleasant sort of tutelage. I myself have learned much at such an academy."

That was the way my uncle John talked ever, not speaking plain, but in long lawyer's words, and mostly with some other meaning than that which appeared on the surface.

"You were about to play singlestick," said Saul Mark. "I used to play myselt. Will you have a bout with me, Annae"

"Agreed," said his daughter, rising quickly, and leading the way about the Mill House to the wool room. As he entered I saw Saul Mark glance around, as if to verify a description.

"Master Umplray is perchance not at home today" he said.

"Yo "said Anna in answer," but there are half.

had been left behind on the night of the attack, silver-mounted and a gentlemanly weapon, though without crest or device. With the pinch of powder I primed and cocked it, and was just setting it in the holster again, when a voice said at my left hand: "So you are a soldier already. You travel armed, I see, a very excellent habit in these uncertain times."

The speaker was Saul Mark, habited in a long cloak of black, and wearing a hat with a feather. He was mounted on the very gray horse my father used to ride in the old days before my grandfather's death.

used to ride in the old days before my grandfather's death.

I told Saul Mark how I had come by the weapon, and he was interested greatly to hear of the attack and all that concerned it. I told him also of little Anna's bravery, and how she had delivered me from the dead man come alive again.

'Ah. lad,' he said, 'you have in you the true stuff for adventure. I can see that. 'The pity that you will be a rich man and never know the sweets of travel, save in a coach and four, or see stranger places than the cities between here and London. London.
I told him that, on the contrary, I had a natural inclination for the sea (which, indeed, most boys have), and that I hoped to enter his majesty's navy and help to fight the French.
"That is good enough," he said gravely, "but

Then there at once was I all agog to know what could be better or more adventurous than fighting the French in the royal navy.

He leaved toward me a little as I gaped openmouthed at him from the back of my jogging beasts. Did you ever hear of Sir Harry Morgan?" he

said. "No." I answered, much taken down by my "No." I answered much taken down by my ignorance, "who might he be?"
"He was a great buccaneer," he answered in a hushed tone. "Harry Morgan took Panamand many fine cities and was a terror to the Spaniards all his days."

"But there are no buccaneers now." I said, "add if there were, how am I to find them?"

"It is called privateering now." he said, "but it brings in the moidores and pieces of eight all the same."

all the same.

I was eager to hear more, but he seemed all at once to wax mightily reticent. So we rode silent to the gate of the city. Then he seemed to take a resolution.

once to wax mightily reticent. So we rode silent to the gate of the city. Then he seemed to take a resolution.

"I will tell him," he murmured loud enough for me to hear. "Lare not what the Captain says." He turned to me.

"Master Philip." he said, "if you are man to come with me to night for half an hour, I will show you such a sight as no lad of your age in broad Scotland has seen. I have here in this town of Abercairn the treasure of Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, the spoil of ascore of plundered cities. It is waiting safe transport across the north waters to Amsterdam, where the diamonds and precious stones are to be cut and reset. There are gold pieces of every tribe and denomination, arms and armor of all sorts, swords and daggers by the hundred, Indian dresses, hows and arrows, chain mail and leather fringed dresses made for great Peruyan lucas. Many of these are of little value," he added, softly, "I know not but that the captain might permit me to give you one or two of them to take home to your mother."

"Who is the captain?" I said. "I cannot go unless I know where I am geing."
"O" said my companion lightly, "take your horse to stable first. He will not be needed to night, and then come with me. You will surely not be afraid to go to the house of the chief magistrate of this city. He it is who is our receiver and supercargo. Besides you can bring your pisted."

It seemed to me impossible that there could be the least danger in accompanying Saul Mark

pistel."
It seemed to me impossible that there could be the least danger in accompanying Saul Mark tothehouse of Provost Gregory Partan, shipowner and merchant of the town of Abercaira. And the thought of the suits of armor, the damascened swords, and above all the Indian bows and arrows swords, and above all the Indian bows and arrows tempted me beyond the power of words to express. I thought that if I could only show myself to little Anna Mark in the costume of an Indian brave with feather plume, bow and arrow and tomahawk, there would be nothing more left to live for So I stabled my horse at the King's Arms without waiting to inquire whether Will Bowman had returned or not. Saul Mark awaited me at the door.

had returned or not. Sain since awaited me at the door.

"Follow me," he said, "and remember, be silent. This is a secret we tell to but few. And there is a company of horse quartered in the town."

We went down the lingh street to the house of that douce man. Mr. Gregory Parlan, shio-master and merchant. My guide passed quickly to a sule door under a low-browed arch, which opened at the gable end of the provost's house. opened at the gable end of the provost's nouse. He knocked twice.

After a moment the door was opened an inch and I heard the rattle of a chain.

'Who's there?" said a voice.
'A friend to see the treasure!" said Saul Mark.

His name." Master Philip Stansfield the younger, whose "Master Philip Stansfield the younger, whose mother lives in the Vennel!"

"A decent woman," said a voice; "let him come in and see the treasure."

I recognized the provost's voice, I had heard it often enough on the quay upraised in chaffering and hadinage with the sailors and master mariners of whom he had over a number about him. So I felt safe, and my ideas of Saul Mark were much altered by the deference which I heard so important a man pay to him.

"Now, quiet," he said, "give me your hand. The first part of the way is dark!"

I followed him down a long passage, still further down a flight of steps, and finally we stood on a hard floor of crumbly stone which rang hollow under foot.

hollow under foot.

"Wait a moment here till I get a light," said my guide. He let go my hand and left me standing there in the midst. The next moment a heavy door clanged behind him, and I heard the sound of shooting boils.

"Ay tenances that my suspicions were allayed, the more so that little Anna sat still where she was, pulling the tart herb called "soorecks" from the moist crevices and crunching the stalks between her small, white teeth.

"This, then, is his grandfather's heir—a fine lad," said Saul Mark, after a while.

"And this your daughter" inquired my uncle, turning to his companion like one who seeks confirmation, rather than like one who asks a question.

"How is it, Philip," he went on, "that we see you so seldom at the Great House, which in a manner."

"He was it where are you?

"It Tib has only spunk in her ava', she'll never stand the like o' that."

"It Tib has only spunk in her ava', she'll never stand the like o' that."

Such were the interruptions, all deviced entreaches, treatenings. I feit all round the walls, bruising my hands as I did so. They were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly dryish feeling everywhere. My prison they were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly dryish feeling everywhere. My prison they were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly dryish feeling everywhere. My prison they were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly dryish feeling everywhere. My prison they were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly dryish feeling everywhere. My prison the interruption as the form the dusky flare of the torches from the booths Anna could see the red of her weather-beaten complexion, netted and marly like the reticulations on a bladder. A fire was beginning to burn in Anna's eye, and her hand

quite indistinguishable.

The Egyptian dark of the place could be felt lying like a weight on the eyelids. Exhausted and desperate. I sat me down on the cold stone floors and years. CHAPTER XX.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE HUNTER. Now I must go back to where I left little Anna

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that as Saul Mark rode northward by the Tinkler's Slap to intercept me, he had a long, limber slip of a girl tracking like a sleuth hound hard upon his trail. For the first part of her pursuit it was not hard to keep her father in sight. He did not ride well, but rather with the seaman's roll and lack of both comfort and elegance in the saddle. Besides, the pass was difficult and enough even for a good horseman and in the daytime. What it was to Saul Mark in the gray deeps of the gloaming only Saul himself knew, and so far he has kept his counset. But to Anna all this was child's play. She had wandered on the hills with Muckle Saunders Macmillan till she could run as lightfoot over the heather and morass as one of his scouring collies. The moorland night was to her as the day, she being, as I often east up to her eyed like a cat.

And so, while Saul Mark was every moment

And so, while Saul Mark was every moment

And so, while Saul Mark was every moment gripping and stackening his beast's rein, and cursing under his breath each time it stumbled. Anna was watching every movement with eyes which could distinguish the twinkle of the wide silver earrings in his ears every time his beast plunged over a mossy boulder or wandered aside from the fairway of that perilous path.

When at tast Saul debouched upon me at the meeting of the hill reads on the brase face overlooking the twinkling lights of Abercaim Anna was not 100 yards in our rear. Yet such was the resolution of her heart that she did not betray herself either then or afterward. Such a lass as little Anna Mark there was not in broad Scotland—no, nor ever will be. That heart of hers beat as steady and true between the instant laws of danger as when she sat in Moreham kirk listening to the minister's sermon. And always, come stress or easement, the merry eyes of laughter or the grinning sockets of death himself, her brain abode under her broad white brow as cool and unruffled as beneath some overhanging rock in the forest you may find in summer heats the caller water of some crystal well. So it chanced that while Saul the father played

me for one stilly guill, gorging me with the bait of lies, which I swallowed greedy tooth, hook and all, his daughter Anna played him for another, and from a safe distance kept us both under ob-servation.

And had she been left to herself, there is little And had she been left to herself, there is little doubt that she would have prevented all the evils which followed. But as ill chance would have it, not a score of yards from the entrance of the town, who should come across her but Will Bowman? He had been walking with his arms about a girl's waist, more for something to do than for any pleasure there might be in courting the not too impervious damsels of the town of Abercairn. But at the sight of little Anna with kilted coats linking it through the busy streets. Will dropped his companion's arm incontinent and took after. But at the sight of little Anna with killed coats linking it through the busy streets. Will dropped his companion's arm incontinent and took after her as hard as he could go. He thought it was likely that Anna had come over the hills with me to look for Umphray Spurway, and he knew that it would not make for peace that she should seek him where he was to be found at that moment—that is, to be plain, in the little house by the Vennel corner, where he sat sipping his glass and devouring my mother with his eyes.

So on the slanted shoulder of the girl as she went up the lighted street of Abercairn at a harvester's trot, fell the hand of Will Bowman.

"Anna," he said, breathlessly, "what in the world of sin are you doing so far from home? You that should be in your warm bed behind barred doors in the house of New Mins."

She tried to escape from his restraint but Will's hand was overstrung. She never could turn him about her little ringer as she did me—aye, and for the matter of that Umphray Spurway also.

"Let me go—let me go, Will Bowman" she

also.

Let me go—let me go, Will Bowman: she gaspai. "Do not hinder me. It is a matter of his and death. I am following Philip and

my father."
"Your father?" repeated Will after her, speaking

my father."

"Your tather?" repeated Will after her, speaking like a man in a maze.

"Yes, let me go! Or, better still, come with me. They passed up this street a moment ago, and we will lose them if we are not quick."

But it was not in Will Bowman's power on this occasion to be quick. Beauty scorned was upon him. The lady whose arm he had so unceremoniously dropped was a certain Tib Rorrison, who canned her daily bread in the fish trade of Abecairn. Now, why fish dealing should produce in women a certain rough readiness of wit and raspiness of torgue is not perfectly clear. But the fact could not be doubted while Tib was explaining to Will and little Anna what she thought of them.

"Ye menseless landward-bred hound!" she cried, shaking her red fist, solid as a quarter of beef, a bare inch under Will's nose, "ken ye so little o' Isobel Rorrison that ye wad date to mistryst her, to tak' up wi a silly parian o' a bairn like this. And you, Mistress Babbyclouts, that thinks wi' thae winkin' een o' yours to tak. Tib Rorrison's lad frac her on the high street o' Abercairn—for a bodle I wad tear the bonny face o' ye till its a rig-an'furr like a new-ploughed field. Aye, an' Tib wad do it, too—were it not that skelpin' wad fit ye better, ye pennyworth o' whitey-broon thread tied in a wisp!

"Na, an' I'll no stand out o' your road, Will Crack-tryst! And I'll no haud my impident tongue. What care I if a' the toon kens? What business had ye to speer me cot to walk to Lucky bodden's booth wi' ye, and partake o' spiced gin. tongue. What care I if a' the toon kens? What business had ye to speer me oot to walk to Lucky Bodden's booth wi'ye, and partake o' spiced gingerbread and tardin' saveloys, forbye the best o uppenny ale? Aye, lasses that did he, the deceivin' thief, an' he shallna leave that plain stanes he is standin' on till he has treated no only me. Tib Rorrison, but ivery ither honest lad and lass within hearin' o' the soond o' my videe". "That's richt, Tib! Gie him his kall through the reek!" choroused the crowd; "gar him scunner. Tear the e'en oot o' that wee besom that garred him lichtly you!"

him lichtly you!"
"Faith wad I, gin it were me, the randy that

militant lady. Mistress Isobel Rorrison, as she squared her arms and strode up so close to Anna Mark that even in the dusky flare of the torches from the booths Anna could see the red of her weather-beaten complexion, netted and marly like the reticulations on a bladder. A fire was beginning to burn in Anna's eye, and her hand stole down toward the dirk she carried in her sachel pocket. But Will noted the signs of coming trouble, and, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out half a dozen silver coins and held them out to Tib.

"There," he said, "I will stand treat. This is my master's daughter, and she is seeking him over late to be left on the street of Abercairn, by hersel. Tak' the siller, Tib, and bear na malice. And the next time I come to Abercairn, I swear ye shall hae Lucky Bodden's candy-stall, stool and a', gin ye like.

Tib, though considerably mollified, would not at once give in, being in the presence of so many witnesses.

"Gie your dirty siller to wha ye like. Will Bow-

"Gie your dirty siller to wha ye like. Will Bowman," she cried, changing her ground; "when Tib Rorrison sets tryst wi' a lad, it's neither for the sake o' siller nor yet tippenny ale. I wad hae ye ken."

Will, anxious to be out of the crowd, looked around for some one he knew. He spied the hesstler from the King's Arms.

"Hey, Jock Pettigrew, ye are no sae prood as Tib. Here's five siller shillings, sterling money. Gang doon to Lucky's and treat every lad and lass that will follow ye, gein' Tib first choice o' the saveloys. Guid nicht, Tib! Eat your fill and dinna bear malice!"

And so, under cover of the cheering and back-clapping, Will and Anna escaped down the high street of Abercaire.

To be Continued.

TWO THOUSAND MILES BY WAGON. A Family Trip That Cored a Kansas Man of Serious Lung Disease.

From the E! Paso Herald. E. E. Farnsworth is a living example of what a man in the last stage of consumption can do to save his own life, and at the same time he is a walking advertisement of the beneficial effects of the rare air of the Western plateaus. He is now in El Paso with his family, after having come.2.114 miles across the country in a wagon. With his wife and his father he is living for a few days in the wagon they have fitted up, on Oregon street, just north of the Southern Pacific track. "We left Winfield, Kan.," said Mr. Farns-worth, "on the 29th day of last March, when I was so weak that I could not throw the harness on the horses. We came on to the West in our wagon. living in it, sleeping in it at night, and travelling during the day. When we came to an agreeable place we would stop for a few days, and then we would resume the journey with the horses refreshed. Most of the summer was spent in the mountains. hunting and fishing, and from there we went to Ush and came down through central New Mexico to El Paso. We have the same horses

to Utah and came down through central New Mexico to El Paso. We have the same horses with which we started, and our wagon is in good shape. We have had many experiences, but nothing has resulted seriously for us, and the net result is that we are here in good shape, and I have cractically regained my health."

The wagon in which the trip was made is a marvel of ingenious arrangement. It is the size of an ordinary farm wagon. The front seal is arranged so that it can be thrown back on hinges, disclosing a well-arranged clothes chest. The remainder of the wagon body is enclosed in a frame about six feet high, projecting over the sides and covered with painted canvas. By various ingenious arrangements the interior is so fitted up as to hold the beds for the party tables and chairs and a sheet-metal stove. The bed can be folded back against the wall; the stove can hardly be noticed because of the way it is fixed in the side of the wagon, and the table, when not in use, can be folded down along the side. Lockers under and on the side of the wagon provide places for storing food, tools, ropes and the like. The average time made on the trip has been twenty-fire miles a day of travel.

From here the party will go up the Tuarosa, and then across to Roswell in the Pecos Valley, returning to their home in Kansas in April, after having consumed about a year on the trip. The method is certainly a sensible and, as it has proved, and effective one for regaining health, and Mr. Farnsworth resturns to his home practically well, whereas there would probably be a lot of people walking slowly behind him if he had remained in Kansas during the winter.

The party have gathered numerous ore specimens and have sent many pounds of them home. One fine specimen of copper ore was found near Las Cruces, and this they still have with them. The total cost of the trip so far for the three has been only about \$1,000.

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Mason and Jason Nason were just about as lazy as boys could be. They really had enough laziness to supply a whole family, but they preferred to use it all themselves. They were so lazy that, instead of walking down hill to school in winter perfectly easy task, for it was only a half a mile straight ahead, they coasted down on their sleds, and as winter at Loudon Hill always sets in on the 1st of November and lasts until the 1st of April. with snow all the while, they, of course, coasted every day. Then, instead of pulling their sleds up the hill again, they were so lazy that they yould wait for the mail sledge, which came along just as school was let out, and they would hitch in behind and be drawn home again. They were just the same on the fce pond that lay between them and their grandmother's -thoroughly lazy. On Saturdays they always took dinner with the old lady, and instead of walking over the ice to her house, a distance of three scant miles, these lazy boys would skate over.

Now, it is a tradition among the country folk of Loudon Hill that every fall there is one chestnut tree loaded down with burriess chestnuts But, as a matter of fact, nobody in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has ever happened to find the tree. The forests are thick around Loudon Hill, which might account for it, but, then, the forests are full of boys at chestnutting time, so it does seem singular that no one had ever come across the tree since Anderson Sanderson gathered five barrels of the nuts in 1799. Of course, any of the boys would have been

glad to run across the tree, but, bless you' the woods were always packed with the ordinary kind of burry chestmut, and after a sharp frost here was not many that needed opening. But you may be sure that the time that Mason

and Jason became old enough to go chestnutting alone they determined to discover this tree and to save themselves the bother of opening

The morning after the first hard frost, just as soot as it was light, they got out of hed and actually dreseed without washing, they were so eager to begin the search for the burrless tree. Forgetting to put on their blouses, although the air was nippy, they rushed out of the house with red worsted caps on their heads and their blue school bags in their hands. "If there are a lot." said each twin to the other -for they were both twins-"we'll get papa to harness up Ned and take a barrel down to the tree.

They were actually the first boys to enter the woods that morning. The squirrels were chattering orders to each other, for the winter storing began that day and they foresaw a hard day's work to get ahead of visiting giants in the shape of small boys.

Mason and Jason had not gone ten rods before they came on a great tree, almost bending beneath the weight of chestnuts. Now, boys who wern't so fearfully lezy would have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get the bushels of nuts that lay upon the ground or clung to the open burrs as if they were afraid to drop, but these lazy bones both said, "Shucks. We wouldn't stop for that kind. Fancy having to climb up a tree and shake it to get some of them down. "And get needles in your hands," said Mason;

or perhaps slip out of the tree," said Jason. So they passed on. At first the squirrels shouted to each other when they saw them coming: "Look out! Here come two humans." but after a while they seemed to understand that the boys weren't after squirrels, but after burrless nuts, and they chatted derisively at them as much as to say. "We've seen lazy people before, and they never got just what they wanted."

After an hour's fruitless -or perhaps I should say nutless - search the woods began to resound with the voices of other boys who were taking advantage of Saturday holiday to fill up their bags and baskets and pails. Bardwell Studwell, Stillwell Stockwell and

had a bushel bag full half of the nuts, almost as big as the Italian kind. "Hello, boys," said Bardwell Studwell. "Why aint you picking up nuts; too hard work?" nuts; too hard work?" "We're hunting for the burrless tree," said Mason and Jason.

to succeed, and as far as the panther was con-cerned they did. They watched their chance and ust as she closed hereyes, thinking she must have dreamed that she saw two little boys and wishing o dream again, they slung their shots and the two bullets joined forces and penetrated her brain and she fell off that branch as dead as a door nail

or even a window nail. And as soon as she fell every nut on the tree fropped to the earth. Whether her fall jarred them off, or whether she was the guardian spirit of the nuts and at her death they were at the mercy of any one who chose to gather them, will never be known, but there is no doubt that the boys ran gleefully under the tree and filled their blue bags in less time than it takes to say boo to a red-headed woodpecker, and you know how little time that takes.

Mason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket and he took it out and tied one end of it to the tree and then they started for home, unwinding it as they went, so that they could find their way back. Just as they got half way home the ball gave out.

By a curious chance Jason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket and he tied his to the end of the other and they continued their home run and met their father just about starting to look for them with Ned and the big

"We've found the burrless tree," said both to gether, "and we killed a panther."

Old Grandpa Nason was standing in the gate way. "That's just what Anderson Sanderson did the time he got the nuts. I've heard my father tell of it time and again. You're smart boys." The barrels were soon put on the wagon and Mr. Nason whipped up old Ned, and, following the thread, they came in course of time to the Mrs. Nason had thrown a few apples and a loaf

of bread into the wagon as she thought the boys might be hungry. She had not worried, as she ate the food as if it had been a Thanksgiving dinner It didn't take Mr. Nason long, with the help of

cats of all kinds. On the way home they met Kneeland Vreeland.

nuts he congratulated them. "Although my eight barrels are burrless now and I haven't a pricker to show for it, it's a great chestnut year." The twins did not say that they had secured any prickers themselves. They were really too

tired to say anything. That evening their mother boiled and roasted | Committee of the Continental Congress, there a lot of the nuts and they were very good, to are only two authorities available which affirm better than ordinary nuts, but excellent, nevertheless. But, strange to say, the boys did not | In Prelie's 'History of the Flags of America, care to eat any. They may have been too tired page 282, is a statement that 'ten days before the to eat or they may have thought that such hardearned nuts deserved a better fate, but, whatever | Serapis Paul Jones captured a British vessel

doned because of several springs of water found "James Bayant Starfond" I am directed Howell Newell came upon the two boys in the at the bottom. The large pool thus formed is at the bottom. The large pool thus formed is used by the company to get their water supply, and a tressle spans the lake leading from the power house to the railroad, over which the company's coal is brought to their big engines. The springs which feed this lake are known as warm springs, and the big pool of water is always above a lukewarm temperature, and is covered with a thick coating of oil and grease which come with a thick coating of oil and grease which come with a thick coating of oil and grease which come is a lukewarm to be company. The springs went of said ship, and a musket captured from the Scraphis. If you write to Capt John Brown of the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard what ship you wish them sent by the Navy Yard which was a latter of the Navy Yard which was the Navy Yard which the strength of the Navy Yard which was the Navy Yard whi

warm springs, and the big pool of water is always above a lukewarm temperature, and is covered with a thick coating of oil and grease which comes from the power house.

The rairoad trastic over this take is the "near cut" which Mr. Davis sought. He was stepping along tivety from one tie to another, whisting, hugging tightry beneath his right arm the package of money. He had just recaned to his mind an argument he had overheard about the beginning of the twentieth century. Mr. Davis allowed his mind to do a little calculating along that line, and was just thinking that when the time came for a

I tell you that such plucky little fellows deserved THE FLAG OF PAUL JONES.

DOUBT CAST UPON THE AUTHEN-

TICITY OF A RELIC. t Has Been Treasured as the Fing of the

Bon Homme Richard Saved by James Bayard Stafford-Reasons for Believing That Stafford's Story Was Not True.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—There has recently been presented to the Government a flag alleged to be the flag of the Bon Homme Richard, John Paul Jones's flagship, in the famous fight with the Scrapis. While the person presenting this flag to the Government was doubtless actuated y generous and patriotic motives, it is asserted officials of the Navy Department that it is impossible that this flag was ever on the Bon Homme Richard, and there is grave reason to suspect that the first person who so asserted, ne James Bayard Stafford, practised a fraud This flag is now treasured as one of the most valuable relies in the Navy Department in spite of the doubts cast upon its genuineness. The matter, however, promises to cause an investi-gation, as a result of the researches made by

The flag is of red, white and blue, with only thirteen stars in the blue field and the same number of stripes. For nearly a century this flag has been accepted as genuine. It was unfuried with great fervor at the United States Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. James Bayard Stafford of New Jersey, in 1784, appeared before the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress with this flag, asserting that he had taken it from the staff of the Bon Homme Richard just before that vessel sank, after the memorable battle. On the strength of his assertions the flag was presented to him for bravery. This was in 1784, five years after the fight. The relic was preserved by Stafford and his widow until her death, Aug. 9 1861, when it came into the possession of their daughter. Miss Sarah Smith had guessed what they were doing. The twins | Stafford, who died recently and willed it to her brother, Samuel Bayard Stafford, by whom it has been presented to the Government

So long as the flag belonged to private pera coal shovel, to fill seven barrels with the nuts. | sons no searching test of its authenticity had He left the panther, because Mrs. Nason hated been made. Now that it is Government property out if it is the original flag and it is asserted graveand when he saw the seven barrels of burriess | Iv that it is not. Doubt is even cest upon the fact of Stafford being in the naval fight at all. The facts of the investigation are best set forth in the language of one who has looked into the matter

"Besides the allegation of Stafford himself. sworn to before a notary public and the Marine that Stafford was on the Bon Homme Richard. batile between the Bon Homme Richard and the earned nuts deserved a better rate, but, whatever the reason, the nuts went begging as far as Mason and Jacon were concerned, and so, after a few days, they were all shipped out West to a toothless minister, to whom a box of goodies was expressed every fall by the missionary society.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that the large entering of their large ways, but as a large entering of their large ways, but as a large entering the service of part large entering the service of the captain of the Kitty. Being education of the captain of the Kitty. Being education of the captain of the Kitty and in the service of Part large entering the service of the captain of the Kitty. Being education of the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Richard and the captain of the Kitty and the Kitty and the Richard and the Richa it would be pleasant to be able to say that the boys were cured of their lazy ways, but, as a matter of fact, they still coast to school and skate to grandma's as of old, so the lesson of the burrlless nuts was lost on them.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that the boys were cured of the Kitty. Being educated, he was made an officer on board the Richard. When the Bon Homes Richard was sinking the flag was seized by a sailor and transferred by Jones to the Serapis and accompanied him to the Alliance when he assumed command of that the sail of th

less nuts was lost on them.

MR. DAVIS'S FREE ELECTRIC BATH.

Tumbled Into an Oily Pool and Rescuers

Threw Him a Live Wire.

From the Atlanta Journal.

The thrilling experience of A. B. Davis will linger with him for a long while. It happened yesterday about the noon hour, and though Mr. Davis is a little sore and somewhat scratched up to-day, and his appetite considerably weakened from close contact with greasy water, the young cashier of the Georgia Electric Light Company has about recovered from his accidental dip in the warm pool, and is at his work as usual.

Mr. Davis left the office of the Electric Light company yesterday. His destination was the plant of the company, on Thurmond street. His

she big at the fellin hand. "Githle bors," so distinct the high regions with the post of the highest t